

FUNERAL ROMANCE

Words by Doug Berger, 12/80

Music by Chuck Kershenblat, Circa Early 1981

(Song on Minidisk, chords not available)

Why ponder our posthymous fate when

only prisons do our prayers create,

only prisons do our prayers create.

Be my funeral romance, light our eternal dance.

For you my heart I'll save. 'till you lie within my grave.

Tropical pleasures our's forever.

Tropical pleasures our's forever.

We'll ride the serpent's skin while we breath the fire within, our scorching blood
that burns, to the after life we turn.

Apocalypse, apocalypse. Left us with its kiss, For the world we all
will miss. We know whose fault it is.

See solemn mutants wain in electric twilight rain.

Insane, Insane

Lost in lamenting pain.

Blazing pyres light desires.

Blazing pyres light desires.

Embalmed in our morgue asylum, no spirits cremate in our tomb.

Fate has left its omen, inside our darkened coffin.

Mortuary, mortuary, the cemetary is our sanctuary.

We need no commissary. No shelter for our casulty.

None of the confession, will halt death's procession.

The omen, the omen.

We have become demons.

We have become demons.

Tropical pleasures our's forever.

Tropical pleasures our's forever.

Be my funeral romance, light our eternal dance.

For you my heart I'll save. 'till you lie within my grave.

There's no time to cry. We know we're gonna die.

Love's killed you and I. We'll never say good-bye.

The omen, spares no one.

The omen, spares no one.